

RESTORATION

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THE HUMBLE DON'T STUMBLE

BY
SHIRLEE DE WITT

"Learn of me because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls." All through the gospels, Christ teaches humility. But in order to understand humility we must become little. Then we shall understand Him. He promised us that this would be so, "Father . . . I give thee praise that thou hast hidden all this from the wise and the prudent, and revealed it to little children."

Humility is knowing our nothingness. Humility is truth. St. Teresa of the Child Jesus reveals the humility of her soul and teaches us what it is simply by her words, "Jesus does everything in me. I just remain little and weak."

Let us look at the humility in Christ's life, for how better can we learn of littleness than by the Littleness of Greatness, Jesus Christ, Son of God!

Little . . . Jesus was born in the most humble setting. A small village of no account. The immensity of God stooped to the lowliness of a stable. "Indeed," says Caryl Houselander, "The architect of love has built the door into heaven so low that no one but a small child can pass through it, unless to get down to a child's little height, he goes in on his knees." We cannot adore Jesus at the crib unless we are very little, for how could we enter the door?

For thirty years, Jesus subjected to Mary and Joseph did menial work. He worked with His hands. The Lord of Hosts did not work miracles in these years, but did the common job of a carpenter. He taught us the value of humble

tasks.

His first sermon opens with Humility — the sermon on the Mount — "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land!" He was talking to the housewife, the school kid, the merchant, to the ordinary people, and yet such profound words and what a seeming paradox! He asks us to be meek, little, small in order that we may possess all things!

Little . . . The Pharisees cannot understand the humility of Christ. Though over and over again through His life and His words He shows them the necessity of becoming childlike, their pride blinds them. In order to awake the Pharisees, He rebukes them openly when they seek the first place: "The scribes and the Pharisees have sitten on the chair of Moses. All things therefore whatsoever they shall say to you, observe and do: but according to their works do ye not. For they say, and do not . . . They love the first places at feasts, and the first chairs in the synagogues . . . But . . . he that is the greatest among you shall be your servant. And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled: and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."

Again it is not the prayer of the Pharisee that Jesus listens to, but that of the Publican. The King of Kings seeks those who are humble!

If our Lord looks for humility in the scribes and Pharisees, how much more must He expect it of His own apostles. And yet with difficulty and slowness they learned this important virtue. Humility dominated the life and teaching of Christ, but His apostles did not understand what He meant. Even at the Last Supper after the Institution of the Holy Eucharist, there arose a dispute among the apostles over which one of them was the greatest. Jesus patiently explains, "Let him who is the greatest among you become as the youngest and him who is the chief as the servant . . . I am in your midst as He who serves." And Jesus teaches us how to serve when He washes the feet of His disciples.

Little . . . Christ's passion and death is the gospel of humility. He dies despised, rebuked, spat upon, suffering excruciating pain in order to teach us, preach to us the strength of humility. He shows us the path to His Father — littleness, smallness, nothingness.

All Christians are apostles of Christ, and as apostles they should take Him as their model. "Learn of me because I am meek and humble of heart." What more could He have done to teach us this virtue? He became man; lived in hiddenness; exposed Himself to scorn; and died a failure on the cross for us, leaving us His life and His words that we may follow Him to the Father. We must become like Him, if we are His lay apostles. Jesus is child-like. We must become like children.

"Unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." This conversion is our turning from pride, the result of original sin, and allowing the Christ-life to grow in us. And as with the first apostles of Christ, so too we must learn painfully, slowly, clumsily Christ's humility.

Walk As Christ Step by step we must follow Him through the gospels. Beginning at the Crib — stooping to enter the stable, we have begun our journey. And then following Him, gradually we will begin to know Him. And knowing Him, we will see our nothingness before Him. And then He can use our littleness for Himself.

And then the work of our hands will not seem so drab, for Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth shall teach us the dignity of all work — the lesson of accepting all in order to be like Him.

With His strength we too will be able to die with Him — share His pain, His sorrow, the weight of His cross, and be crucified with Him, for there is nothing nothingness cannot do!

Jesus meek and humble of heart, make our hearts like unto Thine!

CHRISTOPHERS ALL

His Grace, Archbishop Richard Cushing
Boston, Massachusetts

No biographical data of St. Christopher have ever been recorded as extant. The saint to whom legend and artists have given life and a name is actually a composite of all saints, the personification of sanctity itself, a text to those who meditate. The forgotten name of the third century saint whose place in history Christopher was given would have been but another name in the martyrology. The name with which legend christened him has become in our time a symbol of the virtues by which one becomes a saint, and an epithet to describe those who practice them.

The elements of the medieval legend are important. The child whom Christopher picked up to carry across the stream gave not the remotest hint that he would become a strain upon his strength. Yet as the saint advanced into the rough challenge of the stream it seemed as if he could scarcely stagger under the constantly increasing burden. Would Christopher in cruel indifference and selfishness abandon the child and strike out for his own safety or would he persevere, relying on the love of God, which had prompted him to undertake the task?

"Persevere"

This is the problem which confronts every thoughtful wayfarer, even those who have willingly taken up the cross. The cross is heavy, as the Church emphasizes in her liturgical prayer of the Stations. Three times Our Lord is shown falling under it. Prudence, as taught by the world, and selfishness, inherent in human nature, cry "Enough." But the image of Christopher asks, "And let the child fall into the rushing waters?" Even worldly prudence is appalled by the choice it offers.

Every saint in history has carried the burden across the stream of life, whether we think of it as the Child of the Incarnation or the Cross of our redemption. The burden is bound to reach a weight that seems often unbearable; the saint is confronted with the choice: the world or the Way. "A man cannot be My disciple unless he take up his own cross and follow after Me." Only thus can he cooperate in his own redemption. It is a fearful thing to refuse. Only the grace of God can keep poor tempted man on the road, for, like Christopher, he will learn the full import of his burden only at the end of the journey.

"Lord, when was it that we saw Thee hungry and fed Thee?" "And the King will answer them: Believe Me, when you did it to one of the least of My brethren here, you did it to Me."

Never — Enough

Every saint must have met the temptation to surrender the burden and turn from the way. The heroic converts from paganism must have conquered it as they labored at the spreading of the gospel, with almost certain martyrdom in the offing, in Rome: later in the Orient; now, behind the curtains of the devil. Monica must have known it as she bore the insults of her pagan friends and prayed for her brilliant, wayward son; Ambrose, as he sold his possessions and guided the Church of Milan through the morass of heresy to a glorious position of leadership; Jerome and Gregory the Great, as they labored at reforms; Patrick, as he exhausted himself in the savage woods of Ireland and the Continent. To all of these worldly wisdom murmured: "Enough."

The great founders and reformers of religious orders, Bernard of Clairvaux, Francis of Assisi, Dominic, Ignatius, Clare, Teresa of Avila, bore heavy burdens as they drew closer and closer to God and helped others to follow their example: Joan of Arc and Thomas More, as they sacrificed their lives in the interest of justice; Vincent de Paul as he tended the sick and dying.

Christophers Too!

Among the tens of thousands of Christophers of our own century, who struggled against incredible odds as Mother Cabrini, Mary Walsh, Rose Hawthorne and the hundreds of men and women who wear religious habits as they carry Christ to the poor and needy, their Cross at once oppressing and sustaining them. Christ-bearing also those lay men and women who follow Vincent de Paul, those who man the legions of decency, those who "substitute" as volunteers in hospitals, asylums and the homes of the sick and poor. Christophers all, the fine young lay people who work at Madonna House and the houses of friendship allied to it.

St. Christopher is greater than the massive figure of Titian's brush. He is the mass of humanity who know and love God. The figure is massive, but it is not solitary. It is a crowded canvas of the men and women and children of twenty centuries who have known Christ; the rich and the poor, the scholar and the illiterate, the strong and the weak, all who have trudged across streams and up the mountain, Christ on their shoulder, Christ in their intellect, Christ in their heart, driven by love of God to the heaven where He promised them rest.

"Take My yoke upon yourselves, and learn of me; I am gentle and humble of heart: and you shall find rest for your souls. My yoke is easy and My burden light."

The Secret of Mary

By
St. Louis De Montfort
As Presented
By Eddie Doherty

Here is a secret, specially-chosen Soul, which the Most High has taught me. I confide it to you through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. You must, in turn, confide it only to those who deserve to learn the secret; those who pray, who live in charity, who do penance, who suffer persecutions gladly, who are not worldly and have no wish for such worldly things as power or wealth or influence or ease, and who are zealous for the salvation of souls.

Not For Swine
You must use this secret for

your own growth in holiness and for the saving of your soul. It will help you only if you use it. The more you use it the more it will help you.

But, if you do not use it, once it has been given you, it will work against you. It might act like a poison to your spiritual well-being. It might even lead to your damnation!

The Secret of Mary, fully revealed, is not to be neglected, nor to be put aside. The pearl of great price must not be left where swine can trample it.

You do not deserve to know this secret. Nobody deserves this grace. But God gives it to you. Thank Him for it all the days of your life. You do not know now what a tremendous grace it is. Your understanding of its value is clouded, because of your many sins, and because of your secret love of yourself. But the more you (Continued on Page Four)



Mary . . . Hope of Sinners

Our hope, for who of us is without sin. Yet at times our hearts are so very heavy because perhaps a son, a brother, mother or sister or even a husband or wife, have left the fold, and have become enmeshed in the immense tragedy of sin.

Or again it may be we, ourselves, who cannot "break away" from the deadly embrace of sin. Much as we try, it seems as if always we fail, and the slender thread of hope within our souls, seems to die . . . or break, and we find ourselves walking on the thin and cold edge of despair.

It is then, that we should turn our faces to Mary the gracious Mother of God. Especially to Her under the title of our "Lady of Beauraing" (Bo-rang), for it is in that little sleepy town of Belgium that she appeared to some of the local children none of whom were more than 15 years old. And it was there that she told them "I WILL CONVERT SINNERS." It was there too that she reminded the children again and again to pray ceaselessly.

Golden-Heart

They saw Her as a very young woman, of about 18 to 20 years of age. With a beautiful smile lighting Her face, except when she spoke. Her long white pleated gown was unadorned, her hands were usually folded, her eyes raised to heaven, a rosary hung from her arm. Her eyes appeared to the children as deep blue. As she enfolded her hands, her outstretched arms disclosed a sparkling heart of gold with dazzling rays. This dazzling heart spotless and clean was the Immaculate Heart of the Mother of God.

She asked for a chapel to be built (it has been). She asked as in all her recent apparitions for prayers, for sacrifice . . . and SHE PROMISED TO CONVERT SINNERS.

All this happened in 1932-33 of our era age and time. Yet alas a busy world has not taken in this latest apparition of our Lady, though on July 2nd, 1949, the cult of our Lady of Beauraing was officially authorized by the decree of a Bishop, which affirmed that the Queen of Heaven, the Lady of the Golden Heart, had indeed appeared to the children.

How good is the Mother of God and our Mother — to us! Again and again she comes back to us, her children of earth, and urges us to atone and repent while there is still time — why then don't we?

Let us find out more about this apparition, let us pray oftener to our Lady under her newest title of OUR LADY OF BEAURAING. Let us implore her to "convert us" and all sinners. There is so little time.

Why not now send for a most interesting booklet, called I SHALL CONVERT SINNERS. Get a statue of Her. Distribute Her medals or holy pictures. Why not find out more about her by writing to PRO MARIA COMMITTEE, 22 Second Av., Lowell, Mass.?

THE FIRST SAD MYSTERY

By Catherine

The beads fall like thunder;
The hands that hold them begin
to tremble:
Each bead, an echo of feet upon
the earth.

How strange that bare feet
Upon soft ground
Reverberate like thunder
Across arches of time
And make hands tremble.

Beads fall like stones
Splashing into waters deep,
A sea quite infinite—
But how can a sea be made of
Bloody sweat
And tears of just one man
In agony?
And yet it is—
The sea of Gethsemani.

The beads are clattering steel
That sounds like
Armies on the march—
And hands that shake and tremble
And drop the beads of wood
Upon a wooden floor.
But how can that be?
There was no army!
Just a few soldiers
From the High Priest's court.
And yet the centuries
Have multiplied them
Into endless steel-clad cohorts
Of men
That have come
To crucify their God!!

Such is the
First Sad Mystery
Of the Rosary.

HOLY SLAVERY TO MARY

(As seen by lucifer)

Ever since I fell from the heights of creation, I weave my thick, soggy veil of murky darkness over the earth, with greater or lesser success, according to times and circumstances, using as my principal allies the pride, lusts and neuroses of men, using as my main tools the Lie, murder, hatreds, divisions and the like, with a sharp, penetrating, overpowering logic, which none but the humble can resist.

I spread my darkness in homes, parishes, dioceses, cities and nations, in men and through men. I am everywhere in one way or another.

I am the master of the night. I want my night to cover all this puny earth.

I want my night to blot out the Light. I want to obliterate from the world every trace and vestige of Him Who shines!

Once, one day, oh! blissful hour! my empty darkness had won over the Light! That day when Life died upon the Tree; when the stone had been rolled into the gaping tomb. I had conquered! I had triumphed! I exulted! My cup was full and running over, as I stood tall, majestic, alone at the summit, (Continued on Page Two)



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PRAY FOR US

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Much is being written throughout the world on Mary the gracious Mother of God, this month. For May traditionally is—MARY'S MONTH. It is well that it should be, for no one can ever write enough about the woman whom God chose for His Mother, and through whom He Incarnated Himself for our salvation.

Infinite and varied are the "aspects" a writer can choose, when writing about Her—the all beautiful. For she IS all things to all men. Mother. Virgin. Young. Middle aged. Old. In the sense of years (it is said she was around 60 when she was assumed into heaven). Housewife. Contemplative. Mother of men and Mother of priests and nuns, so very specially. Patroness of the modern lay apostolates, for she was too a Lay Woman par excellence. Queen and humble maid. Facts in Her case allow an endless variation on the theme, and yet centuries of writing have not even begun to tell of the height, depth, and grace of Miriam, Mother of the Messiah.

Yet few write about her as a stumbling block to many. For she is that too. Her own people, the Jews, with the weight of Old Testament Scriptures before them seem unable to accept Her. Non-Catholics find the cult and sea of catholic words written about her incomprehensible. Pagans dismiss her more often than not. And our generation's atheists, humanists, neo-pagans, choose either to ridicule her or try to ignore her.

But somehow neither can be done. She cannot be dismissed. This woman wrapped in silence, who spoke so little, and who in her lifetime seemed almost a shadow deliberately effacing herself, now stands immovable before our scoffing generation. One cannot go "around her." Nor in truth can one FIND JESUS WITHOUT MARY. For unshakable is the salient fact—HE CHOSE TO COME TO US THROUGH HER... AND HE STILL DOES.

As centuries follow centuries, She seems to grow and grow. The world is aware now of Her, as never before. Newspapers, reluctant as they may be, have to report her ever increasing apparitions. All races, creeds, and even the creedless, are compelled to witness a growing devotion to Her among her Catholic children, even be it at times nothing more than being caught in a traffic jam somewhere, where there is a Marian procession going through the teeming streets of our busy cities.

Slowly the young Jewish maiden so well hidden in the Temple of Jerusalem and then in the humdrum life of Nazareth, emerges as the woman clothed with the Sun, the moon under Her feet and a crown of stars on her head. Queen of the Universe. Not only of our little plant earth... BUT THE UNIVERSE.

An awesome sight. A sight that brings unrest in places and countries and hearts of men where even her images are banned. Why is it that they are banned? And does not ban that which one does not fear. How right they are to fear her! For she is indeed ALL POWERFUL just because she is the Mother of God. And nowhere is her power better understood than in the Kingdom of Darkness, that is so seemingly successful these tragic days in overcoming much of our modern world.

Unsurety and fear possess those who belong to it at the mention of Mary. And well it may be, for this IS the Marian age. AND SHE IS INDEED MORE POWERFUL THAN ALL ARMIES OF MEN ARRAYED FOR BATTLE... WOE TO THEM WHO OPPOSE HER!

And the others, who do not hate her, but try to ignore her, or find her a stumbling block... For them she blots out her powers, and becomes the gentle woman of Nazareth, who, on quiet feet, walks with them through their nights and days, knowing that ignorance alone is responsible for their lack of love and understanding. Slowly they will feel her presence. Alleluia! For them too, even if they know it not, this is the AGE OF MARY.

YES THIS IS THE AGE OF MARY... AND MAKE NO MISTAKE... THE WOMAN SHALL CONQUER AGAIN.



EDDIES OF 1956

The woman wasn't typical of the winter visitors in Florida, and neither was she typical of the Catholics who turned out in the millions for the Easter services this year. But she was typical of a certain kind of church-goer—the one who sits on the aisle and won't budge to let others into the pew. This woman was old and feeble. But she wasn't the sweet old lady of your dreams. She was stiff and bent and wrinkled and stern—and she had a wicked looking cane in her hand. She was able to take care of herself—even in Church. She was a distraction—the kind you cannot always avoid.

I make her the lead in this piece just because she was so different from everybody around her. I don't know her name, and wouldn't use it if I did. I don't know her age, but I'd say she was over seventy. I don't know her background. But I'd say she came from New England, that she had money, that she was a widow and childless, that she had no friends, and that life to her was pretty grim.

It was Good Friday. It was the Gesu Church in Miami. It was 2:30 in the afternoon. The services, ending in Mass and Communion, were to begin at 3 o'clock. She came stiffly down the center aisle, found a pew near the front, and sat down, blocking entrance to the pew with her cane.

She made me remember "Big Jim" Murphy's story about his mother, and her conduct at Jim's trial for murder.

Jim was one of your Chicago hoodlums, a real tough guy, and no fooling. He spent a lot of time in jail—but he ran a union from his cell, and handled a big strike while he was still there. He was as tough as they come—and as tough as they went—for he went the way most of them did. A gun went bang, and Big Jim went west. But, to me anyway, he never said anything tougher than "Holy Moses!"

Jim's mother was over 80 at the time and she carried a crutch.

"She sat on an aisle in the courtroom," Big Jim told me, "and everytime a witness would come down the aisle to testify against me, Ma would stick out her crutch, trip him up, and make him fall flat on his kisser. Holy Moses it was fun."

The woman I'm writing about didn't trip up anybody—at least, she didn't while I was there. But she grumbled quite audibly everytime someone climbed over her poor old knees and her wicked looking stick to take his seat in the pew. And the looks she gave these interlopers!

One couldn't help wondering why such a woman came to Church—and especially why she came on Good Friday.

I had been in West Palm Beach for a few days before Palm Sunday, and had marveled at the crowds who went to daily Mass and Communion at St. Anne's there. I came to Miami in time for the Holy Thursday services, which began at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The church was packed long before that hour—and there were over two thousand people who went to Communion. They came down through the center aisle to the rail, and it took them twenty-five minutes or more "to receive."

I had never seen anything like this before. I suppose the same thing was happening in other Churches in the U.S.A. and Canada. Tens of millions of men and women must be going to Communion.

Our Lady must be pleased at this. Her Son must be pleased. And her Father. And her Spouse.

I had seen people standing in long lines—for blocks and blocks at times—to get into a moving picture show, or to walk by the coffin of a movie star, or to be ushered into some radio audience room. But I had never before seen so many Catholics going to Communion.

I saw the miracle repeated on Friday afternoon, and, despite the woman with the cane, I felt very good about it. Incidentally, the woman I'm writing about got up out of her pew as soon as the crowds started for the altar, and she pushed her way forward, taking no nonsense from anyone.

Somehow, disagreeable and unneighborly as she seemed, there was a forthrightness about her I admired. She had come to take part in a Good Friday Communion—the first permitted in hundreds of years. She was old and fragile, and despite the fact that she had found the Fountain of Youth in Florida, she might not be alive on Good Friday next year. So nothing, or nobody, was going to stop her from exercising this tremendous privilege this year.

My travelling companion decided to go to Key West on Holy Saturday. I thought I might miss

the Saturday Mass by going with him. But I decided to leave the matter to Our Lady. She has ways of bringing things about.

The Holy Saturday ceremonies began at 8 p.m. in the Gesu Church. The bus wouldn't reach Key West until 9:30 p.m., and what would I find when I got out of the bus? I found a telephone. That's the first thing I found. I called the Catholic Church Rectory.

"We have a midnight Mass," I was told. "The ceremonies begin at 10:30."

There's a forthrightness about Our Lady, too. Nobody thwarts her, even if she doesn't carry a cane.

So, for the first time in my life, I heard Midnight Mass at Easter!

Happy Holy Week

By Catherine

The year 1956 will forever remain deeply etched in the memories of those privileged enough to have been at Madonna House during its Lenten and Easter Seasons. For early in Lent we began the study of the changes in the Holy Week Services.

But because Lent in Madonna House coincides always with what our Staff Workers call our "BIG COURSE" which in reality are the three months of the year that we devote to the academic training of our probationers and staff—we also had courses on the Old Testament, the Mass, and the Life of Christ.

With such a background the wonderful preparatory pamphlet issued by the St. John Abbey Liturgical Press (at Collegeville, Minn.), began to really make wondrous sense and before our eyes, the whole plan of God for the Redemption of men unrolled itself in breath-taking beauty.

I think all of us were truly filled with awe and wonder, and joy that beggared expression. For here, in accents austere, unsentimental, in words of limpid clarity, enhanced in living reality of a daily Mass, we "saw" the LOVE STORY OF GOD FOR MAN unroll itself in all its majestic splendor!

Close Contact

The ceremonies of the Holy Week brought this splendor and love right into our very midst. For by the providence of God, we had three priests staying with us during that holy time. And so in a simple humble chapel each ceremony was performed at its proper time, with the group participating at such a close range that there was nary a one who did not understand fully the meaning of every word, every gesture and symbol.

The impact of a thorough preparation, and full participation cannot be expressed, tabulated in an article. For it is a deep living thing, a seed that has been firmly planted, and that must and will be watered by each in future study, and a constant deepening "participation" in the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass through the years.

But the impetus given by the far reaching changes made by the Holy Father, will I know at least among us of the Lay Apostolate of Madonna House, be the springboard for a true and deep understanding and study of the Liturgy.

Untrained Volume

Our singing was not of the best as yet. For we lack a teacher, a choirmaster. So we pray to our Lady to send us, for a while at least, someone who would be willing to help us to learn the beautiful Gregorian chant of the Church, so that we too may in truth praise the Lord with our voice. Confidentially I personally am praying for a vocation to our apostolate, a permanent one—of a teacher of chant. I prayed five years for a nurse, I wonder how long it will be before Our Lady sends us a choirmaster or mistress?

To me, both Lent and Holy Week of the year of grace 1956 were yet another dream come true in the Lord. I dream so many of them. But THE HOLY LITURGY... that is in truth the essence, the foundation, of every Catholic's life—or should be—but especially of the life of a Lay Apostle of the Market Place. For how can we take "the heat of its days" without beginning the day with Mass?

Mass, not just attended. Not just prayed. NO! Participated in, with a clear understanding of what IT REALLY MEANS AND IS. An understanding first begotten of knowledge. Hard worked-for knowledge of the Old Testament. Of the Fathers of the Church. Of the History of the development of the Mass... and then THE MASS ITSELF studied lovingly... slowly... reverently. So that familiar with everything used in it, steeped in the symbolism of vestments, vessels and gestures, the mind can with utter freedom now enter, or at least be-

gin to, its infinite depths.

And though for the Lay Apostolate all these preliminary studies are in a sense a must: if and when they can naturally absorb them; the greatest school of learning for all, irrespective of educational background, intelligence, etc., is the Mass itself. A school of love! The only one that truly will make a sinner a saint, and a saint immense in sanctity.

Day by day it will bring the reality of God's love for the soul of man, His bride. Daily it will bring grace to live in the market place, to persevere in its arduous and seemingly thankless apostolate. Daily it will make clear the paradox of dying—to live. Dying to self, to live in Christ. Daily it will give graces to overcome temptation and sin. Water the garden of the soul, and make virtues flower.

Oh, where are the words we humans can find, to try to tell of the Mass? Perhaps one should be silent before its immensity! But how can one be silent when the heart is full... full with overflowing gratitude and love to Christ for giving us the Mass. What price was paid for it? !!! The Lord's death on the Cross... His Incarnation.

There Is A Pattern

Again before one's eyes unrolled the plan of God. From Abraham to the Jewish Passover. From it, to Christ's "Pass-over." And the eyes of Faith open wide before what is yet to come... THE PAROUSIA... CHRIST'S SECOND COMING. Yet again mind, heart, and soul stand silent, bereft of words at the thought of such love... and of WHO LOVES WHOM... Loves enough not only to die for us... but to give Himself as our daily food.

Oh, the sea of love that opens before one's eyes, at the thought of MASS. For that is just what it is... A SEA OF LOVE. A burning fiery sea of love. No wonder my soul literally exulted this Lent and Holy week... for at long last the children of my spirit, our Staff Workers, apostles of many market places—began to understand, to see... to touch... the strong yet gossamer wonders of the MOST HOLY LITURGY, (the name my people in Russia used to give to the MASS itself and the MASS ALONE). And through all its beautiful ceremonies, I prayed for our Holy Father, with literal tears of gratitude, for having given us these new ceremonies, that bring to all of us a clear light of understanding, that I fervently hope will be the beginning of a true and full revival of the whole liturgy.

There is yet much beauty and vital knowledge hidden from many. But now I know soon it too will be opened to all.

Our Lady of Combermere gave us an additional gift during Holy Week. A friend came to be baptized ON HOLY SATURDAY... ALLELUIA.

Yes, the year of grace 1956 will forever remain deeply etched in the memories of all who were here during it at Madonna House.

A St. Goupil Burse

We never before have opened a "BURSE." But we are faced with the task of building a new building to house the many young men who come to us, to give themselves to our Lay Apostolate of the Market place—Madonna House style. They give themselves for life under promises of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, to spend their days in the Nazareths of many hidden and unsung "market places of the world." We thought of asking some "Saint of the impossible" to take charge.

Immediately St. Jude came to our mind. But then we looked out of the window and saw our lovely blue river, that skirts our whole property at Madonna House—saw the Madawaska River, and suddenly remembered that this very river was once the pathway of the Jesuit Martyrs.

Not too far from us too, these first missionaries of Canada were martyred. THEY ATTEMPTED THE IMPOSSIBLE QUITE SERENELY. And what is more, among them was a "LAYMAN"... now St. Goupil. A natural person to turn to for a seemingly impossible (but oh how needed) undertaking. St. Goupil, patron of lay men—and the "impossible undertaking"—a building to house just such dedicated laymen as you were!

So it was agreed that St. Goupil would be the one we would ask to raise for us SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS. Yes 6,000.00 dollars. To build a house that will house FIFTY YOUNG MEN. And also their workshop. For maintenance is one of our major works here, in the northern wilderness where we must be our own plumbers, electricians, painters, repair men, etc.

It will have to be a huge building. The needs of the apostolate truly encompass us. A building possibly 75 feet in length

and some 30 feet in width... hence the SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS.

And so we are opening a BURSE TO ST. GOUPIL... and we will name the house after him.

To all who have a devotion to the Jesuit Martyrs, and to all who should have, we offer this opportunity to honor them by donating their pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, dollars, (any amount of either) for a simple house to house the newstyle lay missionaries of our days... who have nothing but their youth and their lives to give, and desire greatly to do so... but for whom there is "no room" as yet in our humble apostolate.

A Mass will be said monthly for all benefactors. Please mark your donations ST. GOUPIL'S BURSE... and make cheques payable to MADONNA HOUSE. Thank you.

HOLY SLAVERY TO MARY

(Continued from Page One)

in fearful splendor, with all my quivering legions prostrate in adoration before ME, while God lay dead! I!! I!! I!!

But so short-lived the sweetness of my victory! Strange forces in the first Sunday's early morning hours ripped the stone away and thunderous radiance emerged from death, shattering my beautiful cold, empty void! (Here Lucifer stops, shaken with uncontrollable grief, he weeps bitter tears of rage and self-pity...) My beautiful, beautiful lustrous night, all torn and tattered! My masterpiece! My seamless robe over the world, destroyed, pierced through and through by the spear-like rays of that abominable Sun!

Destroyed, but not for long! What my hatred has done once it can do over and over and over again and again and again until the day of MY final triumph, not His—mark well—but MINE, when I stand in all my awesome majesty before His Face and shout: "See, all these are mine, all mine, all covered by my dark mantle, and You, You have died in vain!" That is the moment for which I live and work and scheme and plan, for the inexpressible delight, the ecstasy beyond compare of hatred finally satisfied!

And so I go on spreading my cherished darkness over the minds and hearts of men. For one as great as I, it is easy. I am The Great Philosopher; I am The Great Scientist; I am The Great Economist; I am The Great Professor; I am The Great Preacher; I am The Great Psychiatrist. I know men better than they know themselves. I know which strings to pull with this man or that, with this woman or that... pride, my favourite daughter or lust or avarice... national prejudice or private peevishness... They serve me well.

The Will of man? To move the Will of man, a difficult task for ME? for such a one as ME? It is to laugh, as the French say! To ME the human Will is like putty, a soft, pliable, sticky, formless, pitiable thing! like a reed bending where I blow; like a bow to the archer; like a chisel to the sculptor; like a plane to the pilot... at least, in many, many cases.

Today my empty night—thank the god which is ME—covers the world and it is beautiful to behold. Today my seamless robe of black hangs heavy everywhere, as seldom since that memorable afternoon when I had blotted out the Cross.

But I am not satisfied! Here and there the hateful Light breaks through, beamed by Her who is His Mother, ruining my dark pattern. That weak, sloppy human will when it gives itself to Her in that detestable act which is called SLAVERY, She takes and weaves into strands of unbearable Light. She hardens it into dazzling ivory and like a sorceress unites it with His Will. Presto! In a moment, like a magician. She has a trick, a secret, a trick that I cannot understand. She baffles me, this Woman, of nature so inferior to mine! She disturbs me! I am not pleased! I grow angry! She is tricking souls into allegiance to Him and away from ME.

What is this secret? What is this trick? I must find it out. I must discredit Her before the world. I must unmask Her Loving (how I hate that word!) power. She throws too much Light through Her slaves. I alone have a right to slaves, because I alone give men their independence from Him. She ruins my darkness, my dreams, my hopes through these too, too brilliant wills made one with Hers and His. How I hate, how I loathe, how I despise this so-called Holy Slavery! this Humility! this Love! this dazzling Light! This cunning act which makes giants out of weaklings. This deceitful consecration which turns a dead star into a blinding sun! I hate it with all the fury of hell!

SPEND A DULL DAY IN YUKON LIBRARY

By M. Legris

It was eleven p.m. — time the staff workers at Maryhouse had retired, but this was one of those busy nights when it was impossible to obey the schedule pinned on our kitchen bulletin board. Now the last event of that well-filled day was over with and as the three of us stood around the kitchen stove enjoying a quick cup of chocolate Louie said, "I would like to sit in our library from early morning till bed-time with a movie camera and take pictures of the various activities that take place there in one day." I must admit that it had never occurred to me to take pictures of what went on there but I had contemplated making a word-picture of it in an article in Restoration. So if you will bear with me I shall give you a blow by blow description of one day in our library.

All This in Forty Feet
Remember that that part of Maryhouse was an Indian Mission Church completed by Father Triggs in the autumn of 1953. It was and still is forty feet long and twenty-four feet wide. The sanctuary is nine feet by eleven and right off it is a tiny complete sacristy. Heavy drapes and a bamboo curtain separate the sanctuary from the main body of the church which is thirty-one feet by twenty-four feet.

When we came to Whitehorse in May, 1954, we realized that in addition to a men's hostel, we must also have one for women. Where to put it was the sixty-four dollar question. There was no room left on Father's lot to build an addition, so it was obvious that it would have to be some place in the present building. So we finally decided to make two alcoves seven feet by eight feet at the back of the library which we would use temporarily as a women's hostel. Now, you have the picture — the Sanctuary nine feet long, the library twenty-four feet long and the alcoves seven feet long — total forty feet.

One Saturday Morning
But let us not get involved in mathematics — We are spending a day in Maryhouse library. It is Saturday morning and His Excellency, Bishop Coudert is going to offer his Mass in our chapel at seven o'clock. But the library where we would be seated during Mass had been turned into a dormitory the night before. Several men had slept on mattresses on the floor as all our beds were occupied. I was reluctant to offer them such a bed but the last man said, "It's fifty-five below outside and I'm frozen; I'll be very glad to sleep any place indoors." So, of course, Louie had to waken the men, see that their mattresses and blankets were rolled up and out of sight and the men organized before His Excellency arrived. At a quarter to seven the Staff were making their morning meditation in the sanctuary while they waited for the "all-clear" signal in the library. As we "meditated" we heard such remarks as "I've never been in church in my life but one thing sure is that a Catholic will never turn you down," and "They tell me you can even get a good suit here." However, the man who had never been in church, the other twelve and the Staff were all in their places and the sanctuary curtain drawn when the bishop came out to vest for Mass.

Fast Change Artists
When Mass was finished and Thanksgivings made, the sanctuary was once more hidden by the curtains and the library became a dining room. Card tables were quickly put up and dishes and food carried in for the thirteen hungry men.

At nine-thirty our library became a class room. Six little Catholic girls who attend public school had come for their weekly Catechism class.

Shortly after they left, the eight native girls who attend our bi-weekly Handicraft Class arrived. For the next hour their deft fingers worked quickly as they followed Kay's minute instructions to make a leather comb holder.

At one-twenty the library was again a church where the Staff workers did their daily spiritual reading and meditating. Half an hour later the patter of footsteps on the front veranda told us that the children were arriving for the monthly Story Hour. So, the sanctuary curtains were again drawn and the children assembled, eagerly waiting to hear the stories and play games. When the children dispersed an hour later the library was swept and put in order once more. For the remainder of the afternoon, many adults and children came for library books.

This was the night of our weekly movie in the library. So, before supper Louie arranged in theatre style some fifty chairs which we store in our vestibule, and set up the screen and projector. All was in readiness for the movie, but once again the library became our church while the Staff said Compline and the family rosary before the people arrived for the show.

By ten o'clock the last person had departed. The chairs were returned to the vestibule, the floor swept, the furniture rearranged and the screen, films

THE B'S CORNER

At Mass the other day, as I read the words of the opening psalm—"My youth is renewed like an eagle's," I thought of old age, and how truly joyous it is, or should be to us of the Faith. It came to me in images that followed one another, quietly, simply, telling me a story, that I would like to share with you.

In the heyday of a summer evening, when the air is still warm and fragrant, a little golden leaf, falls unnoticed from a green tree, unto the green grass. Few hear its fall and yet it is the harbinger of autumn and winter that comes so fast to store its fleeting beauty in its snowy whiteness.

Thus it is with years. Life is full and busy. Full days of glad maturity bring enjoyment of people and things, that were never there before. From their bounteous store, they also bring mellowness, patience, understanding that life is good.

Age Slows
Then, like the golden leaf from the green tree, a grey hair glints pale and new, in heads of brown, black or blonde hair. A smile, a shrug of a shoulder, a joke and it is forgotten. The more so, that sight in some strange way has become like oneself more mellow. Outlines are a little blurred, and colors softer. Almost unnoticed movements too have slowed down. Tiredness comes a little quicker than before—and ordinary chores take just a little tiny bit longer.

One day, the print of a familiar prayer book seems hard to follow. Lines and letters seem to merge closer and be a little askew. Glasses come to the rescue, changing a familiar face — one's own — and have to be worn even when applying the discreet make-up that seems to be a must these days. For without them — the blurring and the mellowing seems to embrace colorings, and what appears to be subdued, becomes in reality harsh and strident.

Trips to the dentist multiply, and teeth that once could crack a hard nut, now break and crack themselves. Partial plates, then full ones come to the rescue. Yet life is still beautiful, enjoyment of it deepens everyday, if only one lets it.

Old Faces Are Nice Faces
For what are glasses and false teeth . . . omniscient science to-day equips children and youth with them, as it does with glasses. And beauty walks with all ages, if each only let it. How beautiful is the face of a young girl without make-up! Yet how rare it is to-day! How lovely is the face of the twenties, thirties, forties and over — if only people let them be. For God then, has a chance to write the story of their soul and His love of it on them. And they become faces to be remembered. Dreamed about faces that help, console and cheer.

All seasons are beautiful. So are all ages. There is nothing to fear in old age. Nothing to fear because it is or should be so full of peace and joy.

Behold, tomorrow may be the day of home-going. Of seeing God. Of entering the land of the living who never die. All life is a preparation for death. But the middle years specially so.

Let Go For Full Hands
And how should one go about preparing for death? Why, very simply — by letting go. Now the children are all gone. Settled, married, or each in the vocation God called them to. There is free time.

To pray, to think, prepare, and enjoy life. Really enjoy it. All days. Each day. Sunny, or rainy. Cold or warm. Absorb God's bounty and beauty to man with every fibre of one's being. Look and see, really look and see — things around about one. Trees, leaves, flowers, the changing skies, and shadows. All the things there was so little time for are now there to be savoured and loved, and to be used to see God through each and thank Him for each.

Then there is "LOVING." Yes, now the primary duty of, and to the family is done. Now if one's life partner is still living come the golden hours of companionship. Of time shared as well as speech and silence. There is no need for much. Big houses can be disposed of. Smaller quarters found. Cherished possessions lovingly shared amongst the younger generation, or with those who stand in need of them.

For now is the time to remember that — DEAD HANDS WILL TAKE WITH THEM ONLY THAT WHICH THEY HAVE GIVEN AWAY. Simplicity of living, furnishing, and dress is the keynote of these blessed years of preparation.

And there is the "loving" of many that now beckons and calls. For maturity, experience, wisdom, and tolerance, as well as deep understanding have come to dwell with age — and these gifts of the Holy Ghost are not to be kept for

oneself . . . they are to be passed on to those who need them and their name is multitude.

Learning to love God more, deeper, and really, with all one's mind, heart and soul — comes easier in mature years. The veil is thinner between Him and us. Thus poverty of spirit, peace of heart, joy and a life of service to neighbour bring order and peace enriching all lives, and lifting them out of the common-place.

Why Hold On?
LETTING GO . . . of people and things. LOVING . . . God and neighbor, more maturely, more intensely . . . are the natural heritages of years. Then there is praying . . . earnestly, constantly, in work and in play, it now becomes possible to really pray.

How few of us see old age like this. How many cling to a youth that is dead and cannot be resurrected. How many others become possessive of what they have and what has been "loaned" to them by God. Children for instance who have ceased to be children but are now men and women able to have their own families and all needing to be allowed to go in peace unto whatever road of life God calls them.

But behold, how many mothers, fathers, older relatives, who have brought up these children, won't let go of them though they know full well that these were only "loaned to them" by God to be given back to Him at a certain time.

Not Lonely, But Loved
Yet rapaciously at times old age desires to feed on youth, frightened of loneliness that they think years MUST bring. LONELINESS? Old age should never be lonely, because old age is (or should be) so close to God that His presence is almost palpable. And then how could old age be lonely if it gave generously of what it had so abundantly. Gave graciously too, not scoldingly, not preaching, BUT LOVINGLY.

A cluttered house, too big for one or two. Clung to, because of possessiveness. Rooms filled with things one needs no longer, and that sap strength in their care — unnecessarily. Cluttered rooms. Cluttered hearts and souls — turned inward on self — and the poison of self-pity wells up and blinds all it has in its grip to the beauty and glory of these tremendous years of growing old.

If one lets go. If one loves well. If one prays well. If one walks serenely in simplicity and peace before the Lord of hosts . . . then the miracle will happen in deed and truth . . . Old age will vanish . . . AND OUR YOUTH WILL BE RENEWED LIKE AN EAGLE'S . . . AND OUR LAST YEARS WILL BE OUR MOST FRUITFUL YEARS IN GOD . . . AND BEAUTY WILL COME TO DWELL WITH US . . . HIS BEAUTY WHICH IS NOW SO CLOSE . . . ALLELUIA.

OUTER CIRCLE LETTER No. 132

Lent is over. Eastertide is with us, and so are its . . . ALLELUIAS. Did you ever stop to consider this tiny little word — ALLELUIA? Listening with you heart to its music.

To me it seems to contain all the gladness, the joy, the exultation of this glorious feast of Easter. For Easter is in truth THE FEAST OF FEASTS. Toward it all the days of the year, as the year is lived by the Church, seem to strain. All other feasts form its footstool, its throne as it were. Christmas, precedes it, holding the promise of "Easter to come . . . to be". Pentecost follows it, bringing the tongues of flame to illuminate it, to crown its already blinding light with the power and gifts of the Holy Ghost. All other feasts great, and not so great, of the Church cluster around about Easter receiving their glow and reason for existence from that apex of the Liturgical year!

EASTER — The conquest of death by Life and Love . . . by God. CHRIST'S RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD. The opening of the doors of heaven to men again! God's promise fulfilled. The covenant implemented. The Messiah sent. No wonder man becomes bereft of speech! No wonder his soul sings, and one little word holds all the glad joyous music man is capable of ALLELUIA . . . ALLELUIA . . . ALLELUIA. Like a mighty symphony one word expresses the inexpressible . . . and one word only. The Church repeats it again and again . . . adds it to every prayer where it can fit. And sings it alone by itself in her psalmody. Knowing well, that it will say all that the hearts, minds and souls of her children and God's could not say otherwise.

How beautiful is the renewed Liturgy of Holy Week. How it brings all things of the spirit together. Old Testament and New.

(Continued on Page Four)

SPRING BRINGS MANY PROBLEMS TO EDMONTON

By Dorothy Phillips

Sitting upstairs in the combination bedroom-office, the soft strains of "Peggy O'Neill" float up. The sound of the shuffling feet of our Brothers in Christ ascends along with the music, seemingly keeping time with it. The murmur of voices is also soft and well modulated. A quiet tinkle of a bell, announcing it seems to me as the Sanctus bell does that Christ has come, calls Larry Kickham from his dish washing to serve Him in the everyday needs of bread, tea or maybe sugar. It forcibly reminds one that first God gave these things to us and asks only a share of His gifts in return.

From the window I can see the back yard, which we have never seen without a blanket of snow. Much of it has now melted and although we have dug trenches to drain the water off, a great deal still remains. The going of the snow has uncovered many things. In a brief glance it can be seen that rubbish is littered all over. Tin cans, empty whisky bottles, papers, bits of wood strewn about, an old car with the wheels and engine taken off, jars, pieces of tin, all are floating about in a sea of mud and water. In my mind's eye I have a vision of a bright sunny Saturday afternoon, the mud caked dry and hard, and about fifteen people with rakes, shovels and lots of empty boxes. The boxes that have already been filled with trash are being piled in the truck and a driver and companion keep making regular trips to the dump. Later we can possibly repair the fences and give them a good coat of white-wash.

St. Joseph's House
Our main project at the moment is organizing St. Joseph's, our second house in which the clothing room is situated. The men who come to us for help started calling it St. Joseph's as soon as we had the sign up, and almost before we were using the name ourselves.

One night last week, we were well rewarded by the Good Lord for the many dishes we have washed and the numerous floors we have scrubbed. That night, a man rang our doorbell sometime around ten o'clock. He was a Brother Christopher who had helped us last fall collecting vegetables and working in our root cellar.

"I know it's late," he said, "but could I come in for a few minutes anyway?"

"Of course you can," was the reply.

A very jittery, very drunk man crossed the threshold of Our Lady's House and slumped in a chair at the table.

"I was on my way to the High Level Bridge to jump off," he said, "but as I was going by here I saw the lights and said to myself, 'I HAVE got friends,' and I thought you wouldn't mind if I came in for a few moments and talked to you."

A Friend Named Pat
His problem was of course, drinking, and his inability to satisfy his desire to stop. He had never tried Alcoholics Anonymous and did not quite know how to go about joining them. He was very willing to attempt their program or do anything else that would help him to stop drinking. An emergency call to our very good friend Pat, who is well known to Madonna House, and in no time flat, hope had been restored where none had been.

For three months he had been drinking, for two months he had been struggling desperately to stop. That night, total despair was his. Today he arrived after several days of sobriety, looking considerably better in the new suit we had given him from the clothing room. He proudly announced that he was working for Pat, and that he had taken the last drink of his life. We at Marian Centre were nothing but the link between him and Pat who patiently spent many hours listening to him and encouraging him.

And A Pal Named Bob
Now he has taken Bob, a slipping A.A. man, under his wing by getting a job for him. Bob is doing his work by going to all the A.A. meetings with our potential suicide in order to get him indoctrinated. By helping each other, they are helping themselves. At least three times a day they report here to let us know how things are going.

One cannot help but have a deep sense of gratitude to God when you see the transformation for good being wrought in these men by Him.

These Brothers of ours who struggle against such seemingly hopeless odds, are sensitive. They are much more sensitive than the average person, who oddly enough is given less cause to be hurt. They are treated with contempt and impatience more often than we are. They are completely ignored and shunned more often than we. Each contemptuous and impatient word cuts more deeply into them than it would into us.

We are often reminded of the lashes stinging the flesh of Christ, when they repeat some story of how they were brushed aside in one form or another. They are also Christ-like in the meek and humble way they accept rebukes and often unjust recriminations. It is easy to see Christ in almost all phases of His passion in these His poor.

Two Hundred Friends
This has been a long, hard winter in Alberta, and although it is now spring, the highways are clogged up and in many places impassable. More and more men who came hoping to get work are being forced to wait until the ban is taken off the roads before they can get started. The result is that more and more men are stranded here. The winter work is finished in the bush and the city is really teeming with unemployed. Daily we are breaking records in the number of men being fed. Yesterday, we fed two hundred and thirty. Tomorrow, who knows how many? We are desperately in need of all types of men's clothing, particularly shoes and work pants. Please don't forget us when you are doing your spring cleaning.

Please pray that we may be able to build a suitable dining room, kitchen and chapel before next winter. It is sad indeed, to see Christ standing outside in thirty below zero weather, sometimes for as long as an hour. He shivers in his thin jacket and shirt and is often without any undergarments.

Friends, A Prayer!

Yesterday a man came to us looking for shoes. He was shod in socks only. It is not so cold now, but we have seen men in the winter with nothing to keep their feet warm but a pair of socks and old rubbers tied on with pieces of string. If we could at least bring them inside and let them stay for an hour or so in order to let the warmth permeate them. Instead they must hurry out to make room for those who still haven't been able to enter. Maybe we could reach their hearts as well as their stomachs if there was a place for them to sit awhile. Maybe also they could be given the comfort of having someone take a few moments off to listen to them. They are starved for the human dignity of having their words considered. They are justly tired of being talked at.

As you already know, we are beggars for Christ. Today we beg of you to join your voice to ours in our prayers, so that they will rise like a great cloud to the throne of God. This is the house of Our Lady. We pray to her Son the Infant of Prague for the funds needed to add to it and keep it going. We pray to her spouse, St. Joseph the carpenter and builder, to look after the necessary repairs and the extra construction of new wings. We pray to our Blessed Mother that she will make a true home of it, and order it as the valiant woman of the gospels in the great peace of her beloved Son, so that like the house in Nazareth it will truly become what its name implies — A MARIAN CENTRE.

Marian Magazines

Many of our readers, we feel sure must have subscribed to a lovely Marian Magazine which was at one time called QUEEN OF THE MISSIONS (QM) and then changed its name to MARIAN AGE.

It began publication in the second part of 1954, by the Servite Fathers of Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

We are most anxious to complete our files of this magazine for binding purposes, and need for this the following issues of it:

MARCH . . . APRIL . . . JUNE . . . JULY . . . all of 1955.

Dear friends if you have these and do not need them, may we hope that you would send them to us. Then we can bind the full issues together and allow many of our library subscribers to enjoy the good articles and Marian theology contained in them.

Thank you.



Miss Catherine Maynard and Mr. Richard Parker, Madonna House Staff Workers, frequently get into the act, helping to "Cook with Mary," at the outdoor fireplace. Though we cook gook—gook is an e pluribus kind of dish, one composed of many things—the gook cook cooks her gook in the kitchen. The outside grill is used mostly for making great pots of tea for Staff and guests, especially on days when it can be served al fresco. Drop in sometime and have tea with us. Gook too, if you can stay for supper.

THE SECRET OF MARY

(Continued from Page One)

use the secret, in the ordinary actions of every day, the more clearly you will see and understand its value, its excellence.

Before you read further—in a too-eager desire to learn the truth—kneel down and say devoutly the Ave Maris Stella—"Hail, Star of the Sea"—and the Veni Creator—"Come Holy Ghost." This will help you understand and appreciate this divine mystery.

Holy And Glorious

Faithful soul, living image of God, it is the will of God that you, redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, should be holy like Him in this life—and glorious, like Him, in the next.

To grow in the holiness of God is your vocation.

Unless all your thoughts, words, and actions—and everything you suffer and endure and accept—tend to acquire that holiness, you are resisting God. You are resisting Him because you are not doing the work for which He created you, for which He is even now keeping you alive.

What a divine work it is, to change dust into light; to purify the unclean; to make holy the sinful; to make the creature like to its Creator, man like to God! Only God, by His abundant and extraordinary grace could accomplish a task so impossible to mere nature.

Even the creation of the universe is not so great a masterpiece as this!

The Grace Of God

How will you reach the heights to which God calls you? The means are to be found in the Gospel. The masters of the spiritual life have explained them in many books; the saints have practiced them; and you may profit by their example. Those who wish to attain perfection, and to be saved, will find these necessary ways—humility of heart, constant prayer, continual denial of self, utter trust in divine Providence, and blind obedience to the will of God.

To practice all these the grace of God must be in you. Naturally, God gives His grace as He wills. He does not give equal grace to all; though, in His infinite goodness, He gives sufficient grace to each. The soul that is given great graces will perform great actions; the soul with lesser graces will perform lesser actions. But it is the grace of God that is responsible for all actions; His grace, and the manner in which the soul responds to it.

First Find Mary!

It all comes to this then; that you should discover an easy way of obtaining from God the grace you need to make you holy.

And to get this grace, you must first find Mary!

Mary alone has found grace with God. Mary! She has found

Cooking with Mary

By
Catherine Doherty

The other day those of us working in the kitchen were confronted with a tragedy—a nice pudding made of coffee cake and sweet bread crumbs did not get baked thoroughly.

There it was. Nicely brown outside, and raw inside—sort of heavy. A big pudding, for there were forty of us. We just could not throw it out. That would be sheer waste. And waste is sinful with millions of people going hungry in the world. And for us who take promises of poverty, it would be a sin even if all men had had their daily fill of food.

So we put our heads together, and thought up ways and means of using this pudding. And the idea struck us, why not make pancakes of it. For after all what was "a pudding"? It was originally flour, eggs, (bread crumbs are flour too)—so we treated it as if it were just that. Try it sometime when you have pudding left overs—raw, or well cooked.

Take said left overs and adding warm milk and a few more eggs (if you have them)—or dispensing with them if you don't (water can be used instead of milk too)—reduce the mass to that state of liquidity that any of your pancake recipes call for. Then leisurely proceed to fry them. Make small fat pancakes. Serve with jam or powdered sugar. Truly it is delicious, cheap and an ingenious way of disposing of the hardest thing to dispose of that we know. PUDDING LEFT OVERS.

So much for left overs. Let us share a nice cheap recipe with you that will go a long way in stretching that budget of yours. Buy some beef hearts. They are still very cheap at butchers'. One, or two, or more, according to your family size. Remembering too that hearts are rich in proteins, vitamins, and minerals. Boil said hearts, in water, well seasoned. I suggest that you add onions and paprika to the seasoning (don't throw the water away—it makes lovely soup).



Pat and Mike—Above picture shows the first two cabins of the Cana Colony of St. Ann's Farm—St. Patrick's and St. Michael's. Situated amidst the birches of Bennett Lake, they will be joined this year by three more cabins—St. Therese's, donated by Carmelite Tertiaries; St. Francis', donated by Franciscan Tertiaries; and St. Joachim's. Any Dominican Tertiaries or Benedictine Oblates interested in donating for a cabin named for a Saint of their Order?

Boil hearts until tender. Then grind through your mince meat grinder, and grind fine.

In the meantime boil peeled potatoes—enough to make double the amount of your minced hearts. Mash them fine, well, and dry. Now take one onion raw, and grate it fine into the potatoes. Mix meat and potatoes most thoroughly. Add well beaten eggs—one to a cup of mixture. Put the mixture which has been well seasoned (according to your taste) to bake in a nicely shaped and well-oiled baking pan. We like the oblong type ones. Bake until browned well on all sides at 300 degrees.

Just before dinner take out. Put on platter. Serve with green peas and mashed potatoes, and brown gravy. Yum. Yum. Your family will think you bought them pate-faute-gras at \$2.50 per 1/4 lb right from Paris. Whilst you will smile a contented smile knowing that this meal for 4 or 6 people costs you about 50-60 cents all in all.

If you really want "brown gravy" be sure to "brown" your dry flour before you put it into action.

The Mystical Body

By M. H. C.

The Mystical Body stems from the Sacred Heart of Christ as a great conical tide, wide at the outer rim, and narrowing down as it approaches the Heart itself, and enters into the depths. Although there are very many who enter the Abyss of Love, the number is small in proportion to the great number that are in the Body. It is possible to be a member of the Body, and held in a "drift" toward His Heart without making an urgent effort to rush into its depths. There are all manner of people, and many grades of devotion. There are many lacks, there are deficiencies; but there is a good-will, and it is this that is important. It may help if we look

upon the what-we-might-see as the lack of another with the hope and intention of doing all in our power to "fill up" the deficiency, so that the Body may be complete, and more beautiful and holy as the fullness of complete health is achieved. So it is better to ease the pain we feel with the desire to ourselves furnish what is necessary, whether it be love, or gratitude, or trust, or patience, or joyful abandonment to His Holy Will. In this way we will find our happiness, in "filling up" the sufferings of Christ. As we enter into the depths of His Heart it is He Himself who fills up our lack, and since we are human and imperfect, each of us fails to achieve the perfection, the completeness we desire, without His supplying what we need to be perfect in Him. O, we are all striving, all hoping for that final Abode of Love, which can never be truly ours until we rest in Him. It is He who completes the Perfection necessary for our final peace.

It is in this significance that we must see ourselves progressing toward His Sacred Heart, in all charity toward our neighbor in the Mystical Body, in gratitude to God for His special helps to us, and in the desire to fill up the measure. Gloria tibi, Domine!

Combermere Diary

As we went to press in our last issue, we only had time to comment on the wonderful ceremonies of Holy Week, and, in truth, had not completely experienced them, nor realized how absolutely beautiful they are. And to make them even more replete, we had the privilege of an adult Baptism on Holy Saturday evening. The house was filled with many guests throughout the week, and especially for Easter.

Did we mention that as a result of a Mission in Barry's Bay, 150 people of St. Lawrence O'Toole's Parish made the Act of Slavery to Mary?

And right after Easter began our vacations. Shirley DeWitt and Mary Ruth left for Detroit and Windsor respectively, where Mary

OUTER CIRCLE LETTER

(Continued from Page Three)

now make sense, and flow one into the other without interruption, bringing to us clearly the glad tidings . . . CHRIST IS RISEN . . . CHRIST OUR PASCH IS VERILY RISEN . . . ALLELUIA . . . NOW WE MUST PREPARE FOR THE PAROUSIA . . . THE SECOND COMING OF THE LORD.

One of the joys too of this renewed, restored Liturgical Worship—is that symbols, songs and gestures, venerable and blessed by age, and use have become once more intelligible to the masses of people. And the timing really brings forth in all its poignant beauty the Passion and death and Resurrection of Christ in the historical sequence of time.

Still another gift is now ours because of the fatherliness of our Holy Father—BAPTISM EMERGES IN ALL ITS RADIANT GLORY . . . and makes us realize its powers and privileges. As we follow through Holy Week and Eastertide—the neophytes of old—the catechumens, and especially in the Holy Saturday Vigil service see the full solemnity of this precious Sacrament—and begin to understand what is meant by—"dying with Christ, so that we may resurrect with Him." The white robes that those about to be baptized put on, and the fact that they wore them for the whole of Easter Week, wore them proudly, thankfully, joyously . . . brings home to us too—the need of keeping the whiteness of OUR BAPTISMAL GARMENT—spotless always.

How wonderful it would be if as a result of this renewed Liturgy, all of us Catholics would begin to celebrate yearly the days of our baptism . . . our birth in Christ, our death to the devil, the world, and all its pomps and glories. This Holy Week most of us renewed the vows of our baptism on Holy Saturday. Why not begin to celebrate this glorious day yearly?

And why not make a real baptismal robe for our about-to-be baptized infants? It is a lovely thing. Made out of pure linen, with the seven Sacraments in symbol embroidered at the hem. It could serve many children in one household, and be laid away between births. Then passed on to the eldest child upon marriage. It would be a treasured and loved garment, a symbol, precious beyond words of one of the most awesome Sacraments of the Church and one of the most beautiful.

And with that garment should go a Baptismal candle. Specially decorated at home. If you are interested in getting patterns for the robe and the candle write to St. Leo's Shop, 118 Washington Str., Newport, R. I.

They have many other liturgical handicrafts that may interest you, be sure to ask for their catalogue.

Please accept our deepest gratitude for your generous response to our last BEGGING LETTER. Truly we are infinitely grateful. God bless you. We most certainly do.

Sincerely and gratefully in the infinite Charity of Christ,
Catherine Doherty.

Fire In the North

At the edge of the nowhere, in Atlin, B.C., which is in the Vicariate of The Yukon Territory, a few days ago a holy priest, lived in a tiny house—his rectory, next to his Church.

The Church could be called historical. If one were to write the "history" of zeal, devotion to pastoral duty, hardships overcome by priestly love of people it might be found in the life of Father M. Bobillier, the priest in question who many years ago first began the hard job of carving a parish in a wilderness.

Years of loneliness and hard, hard toil went into the church and rectory. For each piece of wood in both, had to be cut from tree to plank . . . BY HAND. Hauled too, long distance via dog teams. In the meantime Father slept year after year right there on the snow or even under the snow, in his sleeping bags and with his dogs.

Then the task was finished. And slowly one by one, the Indians became Catholics . . . and the Church grew, acquiring little by little vestments, and all things needed for its services and the worship of God.

It withstood the winds of almost a hundred miles an hour. The sub-zero temperatures of 60 and more below. It was a sturdy well-built church. Built by the faith and strength of one young priest. And the labor of his hands.

Now when he is not as young as he was, it was fire that erased the work of years in a few minutes. The newspaper pictures just show blackened snow where once the rectory stood.

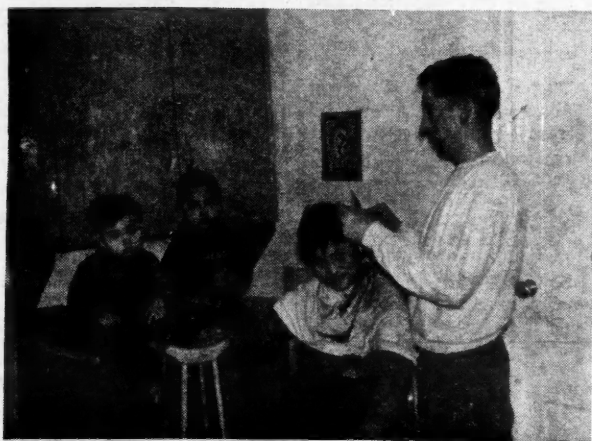
The tragedy was that not only did "Father Bob" as he is lovingly called, lose all his personal belongings, and furnishings, but all the church supplies were stored in the rectory, and all of these were lost.

A newspaper article tells how the bulldozer pushed huge piles of snow on the burning embers, and succeeded in saving the church, which was badly scorched, and lost all its windows on one side from the terrible heat of the burning dwelling.

Today Fr. Bob could rebuild faster, for there are now power saws to cut trees down; and other power tools to make them into planks; and there is a labor force willing and able to do the building. Lacking are FUNDS.

Could we call on all the good sisters everywhere in Canada, and the United States . . . to check and recheck their sacristies . . . and send extra vestments and sacred vessels as well as all else needed for the worship of the Lord of hosts to Father M. Bobillier, Atlin, British Columbia, Canada?

Monasteries may perhaps wish to do likewise . . . Parishes too. There are often "extra" statues . . . vessels . . . vestments . . . et cetera . . . hidden away in forgotten places. May, Our Lady's month is a good month for "spring cleaning" with a purpose, a glorious purpose, a holy purpose. And even "wallets" can be "spring-cleaned."



Part of the modern lay missionary's job in the Yukon is using the modern "scalp knife" on the Indian children. Louie Stoeckle seems to enjoy this phase of the life as well as all the other phases.

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